

THE UNQUENCHABLE FIRE:

Or, The Tragedy of the Wild.

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd)

But this was not the only change that took place with the coming of the White Squaw. For a woman who had been bred in the mysterious depths of the northern forests, away from her fellow creatures, shut off from all associations of men, Aim-sa displayed a wondrous knowledge of those arts which women only practise for the subjugation of the opposite sex. She set herself the task of administering to her companions' welfare in the manner which has been woman's from the first. She took to herself the bothersome duties with which no man, however self-reliant, loves to be burdened. She went further. She demanded and accepted the homage of each of the brothers, not impartially, but favoring first one and then the other, with the quiet enjoyment of a woman who looks on at the silent rivalry of two men who seek her smiles.

And as the days lengthened, and the winter crept on towards spring, the peace of the house was slowly but surely undermined. Eve had appeared in the garden. The calm that still remained was as the smooth surface of water about to boil. Beneath it was chaos, which must soon break out into visible tumult. The canker of jealousy fastened itself upon the uncultured hearts of the men, and, like all secret growths, sapped and undermined that which was best in their natures.

And Aim-sa looked on with eyes which smiled inscrutably; with silent tongue, and brain ever busy. In due course she showed signs of beginning to understand her comrades' language. She even essayed to speak to herself; and as she stumbled prettily over the words, and placed them wrongly, she became more and more a source of delight, an object of adoration to the poor souls who had been so suddenly born to this new life. With keen appreciation she saw these things while she listened to their speech between themselves, and her great, deep eyes would wear many varying expressions, chief among which was the dark, abiding smile.

There could be no doubt that what she saw she interpreted aright. She was too clever in everything else to do otherwise. Nick, impatient, headstrong, could never long conceal his feelings. His eyes would express displeasure the moment the quieter Ralph chanced to monopolize Aim-sa's attention. Every smile she bestowed upon him brought a frown to the younger man's brow. Every act or look which could be interpreted into an expression of regard for his brother fired his soul with feelings of aversion and anger till he was well-nigh distracted. Nor was Ralph any less disturbed. In his undemonstrative way he watched Nick, and suffered the acutest pangs of jealousy at what he believed was Aim-sa's marked preference for his brother. But the woman continued to stir the fire she had kindled with a childlike naivete which was less of the wild than of the drawing-room.

And as day succeeded day, and week followed week, the companionship of these men became more and more forced. One night the friction very nearly broke out into a blaze. Ralph was lying upon his back, buried to the neck in his fur blankets. He was smoking, as was his custom, while waiting for sleep to come. An oil lamp reeked upon the earthen floor and threw its billious rays little further than the blankets spread out upon either side of it. For a long time he had lain silently gazing up at the frosted rafters above him, while his brother sat cross-legged at work, restraining his snow-shoes with strands of raw hide. Suddenly Ralph turned his face towards him in silent contemplation. He watched Nick's heavy hands with eyes that wore a troubled look. Then he abruptly broke the long silence.

"Victor don't know as she's here," he said.

Nick looked up, glanced round the room, shook his head, and beat over his work again.

"No," he answered shortly.

"Maybe he won't jest luff."

"No."

Again came Nick's monosyllabic reply.

"Guess we'd best let him know."

There was a pause. Ralph waited for his brother to speak. And no answer came, he went on:

"Who's goin' to tell him?"

Still there was no reply. The silence was broken only by the "ping" of the raw-hide strands which Nick tested as he drew

sharply—"him wi' the hood?" And he made a motion with his hand which described the stranger's head-gear.

Aim-sa nodded, and Nick went on:

"We see him up north—on the trail to the Moosefoot."

The woman again nodded. She quite understood now, and her eyes brightened suddenly as she turned their dazzling depths of blue upon her questioner. She understood these men as they little thought she understood them.

"It is the Spirit—the Great Spirit," she said, in her broken way. "The Spirit of—Moosefoot Indian. Him watches Aim-sa—Queen of Moosefoot. She—White Squaw."

Ralph turned away uneasily. These mysterious allusions troubled him. Nick could not withdraw his fascinated gaze. Her strange eyes held him captive.

They took her words without a doubt. They accepted all she said without question. They never doubted her identity with the White Squaw. Primitive superstition deeply moved them.

"You was scared when you see him jest now?" said Ralph questioningly.

Aim-sa nodded.

"He come to—take me," she said, halting over the words. "The Moosefoot—they angry—Aim-sa stay away."

"Hah!"

Nick thrust his rifle out towards her.

"Here, take it. It shoots good. When 'The Hood' comes, shoot. Savy?"

Aim-sa took the gun and turned back to the hut. And the men passed out into the forest.

Aim-sa left the hut soon after the brothers had departed. For long she stood just beyond the door as though not sure of what she contemplated doing. And as she stood her eyes travelled acutely over the silent valley. At last, however, she moved leisurely down the hill. Her easy gait just lasted so long as she was in the open; the moment she entered the forest her indifference vanished, and she raced along in the dark shadow with all the speed she could summon. The silence, the heavy depressing atmosphere, the labyrinth of trees so dark and confusing—these things were no deterrent to her. Her object was distinct in her mind, and she gave heed to nothing else. She ran on over the snow with the silent movement of some ghostly spirit, and with a swiftness which told of the Indian blood in her veins. Her dilating eyes flashed about her with the searching gaze of one who expects to see something appear, while not knowing whence it will come.

Her flowing hair trailed from under her cap with the speed of her going, and the biting air stung her face into a brilliant glow. Her direction was plainly in her mind, for, though dodging her way through trees, she never deviated from a certain course. The gloom of the forest had no terrors for her; all her thoughts, all her attention, were centered upon the object of her quest.

Nor did she pause till she came to the low, barren hill which stood on the far side of the valley. As she came to the edge of the forest which skirted its base she drew up and stood for a moment hesitating. Once she raised a hand to her mouth as though about to give voice to a prolonged mountain call, but she desisted, and, instead, set out to round the hill, always keeping to the shadow of the forest edge.

At length she stopped. Her hand went up to her mouth and her head was thrown back, and out upon the still air rang a cry so mournful that even the forest gloom was rendered more cheerless by its sound. High it rose, soaring upwards, upwards through the trees until the valley rang with its plaintive wail. As if recognizing the distressful howl of their kind, the cry came back to her from the deep-toned throats of prowling timber-wolves. The chorus rang in her ears from many directions as she listened, but the sounds had little effect. As they died down she still waited in an attitude of attention.

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UNCLE SAM'S BIG GIVERS

THE LEADING PHILANTHROPISTS OF LAST YEAR.

Andrew Carnegie Leads With Total of \$20,516,000—Rockefeller Second.

Andrew Carnegie leads among the year's givers with the sum total of \$20,516,000, counting in his \$10,000,000 peace gift of December, at its market value when made, \$11,500,000. Mr. Carnegie's next largest gift of \$3,500,000 was made to the Carnegie Technology Schools in Pittsburgh. This was the manner in which Pittsburgh's philanthropist celebrated his seventy-fifth anniversary, he previously having given \$20,000,000 to found the same institute, including a library, museum and concert hall.

Of Mr. Carnegie's 1910 philanthropies, \$3,000,000 was distributed among 10 cities (including Pittsburgh) for the benefit of their public school teachers, who are relieved from want in their old age by proper pensioning. Colleges throughout America (but in most cases the smaller and poorer ones) benefited by another million, while libraries and general charities received the remainder. Mr. Carnegie in the last ten years has returned to the people through his philanthropies approximately \$200,000,000.

FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE.

Mr. Carnegie's latest gift was announced Dec. 14—\$11,500,000, for the cause of universal peace.

John D. Rockefeller's donations for the past year amount to \$15,132,000, making him the second largest gift giver of the 12 months. This is counting in the \$10,000,000 that he gave to the University of Chicago in December, fulfilling his original intention of giving that seat of learning \$35,000,000.

The leader in the year's bequest by will was Isaac C. Wyman of Salem, Mass., whose great fortune of \$10,000,000 was left to Princeton University, from which institution he was graduated in 1848.

WYMAN GIFT THIRD.

The Wyman gift was the third largest of the year. The fourth largest was made by the United States Steel Corporation, which dedicated \$6,000,000 to the establishment of a fund with which its superannuated and disabled employees might be pensioned. This fund has been consolidated with the \$4,000,000 fund created by Andrew Carnegie when he sold his holdings in the Carnegie Steel Company to the United States Steel Corporation. The new fund, therefore, will amount to \$12,000,000 and will be known as "The United States Steel and Carnegie Pension Fund."

Henry Curtis Elliott, a mine owner, who was killed by a snowslide in Alaska, January 4, left his fortune of \$2,000,000 for a home for friendless children in Chicago.

David Rankin, Jr., of St. Louis, Missouri, is a conspicuous giver of the year. In order that he may die poor, Mr. Rankin has given his fortune of \$3,000,000 to the support of the Rankin School of Mechanical Trades.

By the will of Thomas Murdock, a wholesale grocer of Chicago, who died December 5, 1909, his estate of \$2,500,000 is left to the Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago, the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, and the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago.

Charles Francis Wright of Brookline, Massachusetts, who died September 27, 1909, left the bulk of his estate of \$2,100,000 to be divided between the New England Peabody Home for Crippled Children of Boston, and the Free Hospital for Women of Brookline. Mr. Wright's will provides that a fund of \$7,000 be set aside for the care of his horses and dogs, and \$25,000 to be distributed among his household servants.

The gifts to Columbia University during the year amounted to \$2,357,979. The National Council of the Congregational Church collected for foreign missions \$1,225,000.

LEADING WOMEN GIVERS.

The leader among the women givers for the year is not one whose name is prominent in the philanthropic world. She is Mrs. Amanda W. Reid of Portland, Ore, who donated \$2,000,000 to her native city, to establish a college to be known as the Reid Institute.

Mrs. Mary Hunt Loomis, prominent in Chicago for half a century, left her estate of \$1,250,000 to the Loomis Institute of Windsor, Connecticut, which was founded by the family of Mrs. Loomis' husband.

This splendid list of million-dollar benefactions is completed by Mrs. Harriet Coles of New York City, widow of the late John B. Coles. The bulk of her estate reverts to the Female Guardian Society of New York City, and the Presbyterian Hospital of the same city receive \$75,000 to found a bed in perpetuity.

The two largest givers in the class just below the \$1,000,000

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NOVEL CONCRETE BARN.

Gain in Space and Convenience by Making it 12 Sided.

A large concrete barn, one of the oddest and yet most practical in the country, is that recently built by M. S. Yoder on his farm at Shipshewana, Ind. In order to secure the greatest amount of interior space with the least amount of material a twelve sided structure was erected, which makes the ground plan roughly circular.

The walls are made of concrete, 30 feet high, reinforced with 118 rods of heavy wire fencing, says the Cement Age, and in addition to this a large amount of scrap iron was used to reinforce the walls at the doors and windows. Most of the latter material was bought from junk dealers.

The main entrance to this barn is over a bridge and eight feet or so above the ground, and this bridge is also constructed of steel and concrete. The ground floor is of cement and the stalls are arranged on either side of a central driveway.

There are many novel ideas worked out in this barn, among them labor saving devices for watering and feeding the stock and the cleaning out the manure. A hay track, 30 feet in diameter, is known as the merry-go-round, as it is fitted up with a hay carrying device which hoists the hay to any desired height and takes it to any part of the barn. This is operated by an engine in the little house by the bridge.

Modern ideas for ventilating and heating are used, and it is possible to keep the air pure by means of a ventilator at the top of the dome. As this is 53 feet from the floor it acts like a tall chimney. There are thirty-one windows in the barn, which are all of the same dimension, 12 inch by 22 inch glass, and four lights to a sash.

A novelty in cement construction is the absence of wooden window and door frames, the sashes fitting into the cement as the frames were moulded, with holes for the bolts, which keep them in place. The barn encloses as much floor space as a rectangular building 40 by 72 feet, making a saving of 32 feet of wall by using the twelve sided shape. The cost was \$17,800, but that figure does not include the owner's labor or the material coming from the farm.

BRITAIN'S FREAK SEASON.

General Disarrangement of Vegetation in 1910.

British weather in 1910 was uncommonly unpleasant, and its effects on nature was extraordinary.

Jonathan Hutchinson, a famous surgeon and naturalist, points out some of its peculiarities in a letter to the London Times, in which he says:

"We had no holly berries worth mentioning, nor any from Hawthorn, mountain ash or whitebeam. Neither oaks nor hazels flowered well, and there were few acorns and hazelnuts. There were no mushrooms and few other fungi. Not only were the oak apples deficient, but the true apple trees, with few exceptions, failed to produce fruit.

"Neither partridges nor rabbits reared their young successfully, and of neither has there ever been noted such a remarkably deficiency in winter; neither have the flocks suffered so much from footrot.

"Despite the confusion of the seasons the birds migrated at the usual time, and cuckoos came at their appointed time, moles awake from hibernation and, in fact, everything happened as in normal seasons, showing that the habits and changes in these animals arise from something inherent in the animal and not from external causes."

This letter has aroused great interest among naturalists, who are piling up evidences of the freak conditions prevailing in nature last year.

Hob—"Would you like to see women voters at the polls?" Nob—"Yes, indeed. At the North and South Poles."

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AN INDUSTRIOUS QUEEN.

Queen Mary Trains Her Children Habits of Beneficence.

In the cause of charity Queen Mary of England is most generous. But she does not waste her energy or give way to mere sentiment, declares a writer in the North American Review. Herself an industrious worker, the Queen is ever anxious to see that proper attention to sewing is given in the schools, and in many ways she has assisted in encouraging the art of needlework.

As Duchess of York, she provided the means for building a room at Adlestone, where the rescued children as they grow up are taught to make their own outfits for service.

The Queen makes crochet woollen garments for poor children at the rate of sixty a year, and on being asked how she could possibly make so large a number, replied:

"I have always one of the little petticoats on hand in each of my sitting-rooms, and I take it up whenever I have a few spare minutes; then in the evenings my husband reads to me and I work, and get through a good deal."

Some of these garments find their way to mother's meetings, and the youngest baby present is the happy possessor of the royal gift, which is usually placed in a glass bookcase or cupboard, and shown by the proud mother to admiring friends and neighbors.

The father of one of these fortunate babies was unexpectedly driving a carriage in which the King, then Prince of Wales, was seated. On returning home the man said to his wife:

"As I was driving his royal highness I said to myself, 'Ah, sir, you little know that my wife has a portrait of your wife and a petticoat for our baby of her own making hanging up in our parlor bookcase.'"

The royal children are trained by their mother in the same habits of beneficence and self-forgetfulness, and last year Princess Mary sent into the London section of the Needlework Guild one hundred articles of her own making and collecting.

HIS ADVENTURE.

"During the war," said the man with the twinkle in his eye, "I was in the Matabele Army. One day, passing through a swamp, I saw something a few feet ahead of me lying upon the ground, which had every appearance of a log, it being about 40 feet in length and nearly a foot in diameter. So positive was I that it was nothing but a log, that I paid no attention to it; the fact is I would have sworn before a court of justice that it was a log and nothing else. You see, I never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions, and the fact is, never should have believed it if I had."

"Well, between me and the log was a miry place, which it was necessary for me to avoid. I therefore placed the butt of my gun on the ground before me, and springing upon it, lit right on top of what do you suppose?"

"A boa constrictor," said one.

"No."

"What could it have been?" said another.

"Just what I supposed," said the wag; "a log!"

First Lady—"How very happy the bridegroom looks! Really, it is pleasant to see a young man looking so joyful." Second Lady—"Hush! That's not the bridegroom. That's a gentleman the bride jilted six months ago."

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, breaks the throat and lungs. 25 cents

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